

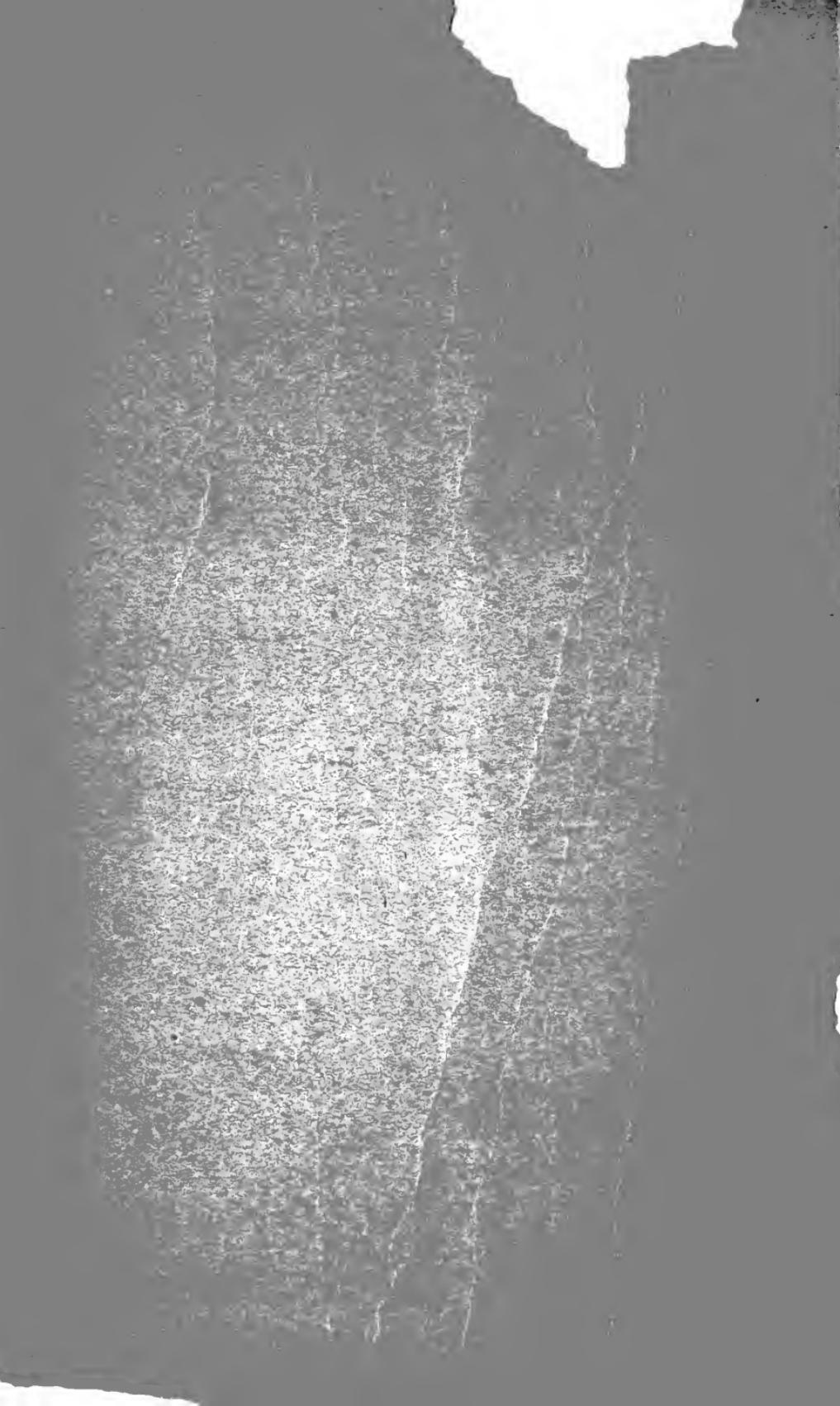
Sons of GRACE & TRUTH FOR USE IN RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

Edited by Rev. E. B. Hyde

HALL-MACK CO.
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SONGS

OF



GRACE AND TRUTH.

FOR USE IN RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

EDITED BY

REV. E. L. HYDE.

HALL-MACK CO., PUBLISHERS,

1020 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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January, 1899.

HALL-MACK CO.

SCP
3621

GREETING.

OWING to the large sale of "Soul Refreshing Songs," and the demand for another book of similar character, we send out "Songs of Grace and Truth," with the prayer that through its sweet songs many souls may be led to a pardoning and cleansing Saviour.

Yours for souls,

E. L. HYDE.

West Conshohocken, Pa.

IN THY NAME WE GATHER.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1

1. In thy name we gather, gracious Lord divine, May thy love most tender
2. Bod - y, soul and spirit, Lord, we give to thee, Thine, yea, thine alone for-
3. Fit us for thy service, teach us all thy will, Ev - 'ry precious promise
4. Je - sus, blessed Saviour, when we meet at last In the land where partings

'round our hearts entwine ; Guide us by thy Spir - it, lead us in thy way,
 ev - ermore to be ; Heaven's rich - est blessing now on us be - stow
 now in us ful - fill ; Help us tell the sto - ry of thy wondrous name
 are for - ev - er past, Saved by grace di - vine to all e - ter - ni - ty,

CHORUS.

Meet, O meet with us to - day. } Meet..... with us, dear
 Till our hearts shall o - ver - flow. }
 Till it set the world a - flame. }
 We will give the praise to thee. } Meet with us dear Sav - iour,

Sav - iour, Meet..... with us we pray ;
 meet with us to-day, O meet, pray, with us we pray ;

In thy ho - ly name we gath - er, O meet.... with us to - day.
 Saviour, meet to-day.

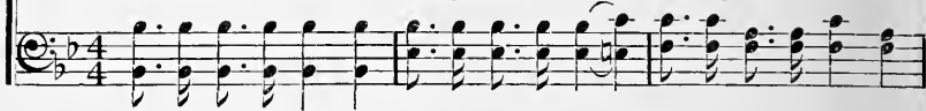
THE TIDE OF LOVE.

E. E. HEWITT.

M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



1. Launch away, believ - er, on the swelling tide, In - to deeper currents
2. Leave the shallow wa - ters of your unbelief, Leave the bars and quicksands,
3. O the blessed bil - lows, rising more and more, Bearing us still fur - ther



let your ves - sel glide ; Hear the heav'ly Pi - lot, call - ing from a - bove,
bringing you to grief ; Let the Pi - lot guide you to a broader place,
from the danger-shore, Toward the shining cit - y, built for us a - bove,



CHORUS.



Plunge in - to the fullness of redeem - ing love. }

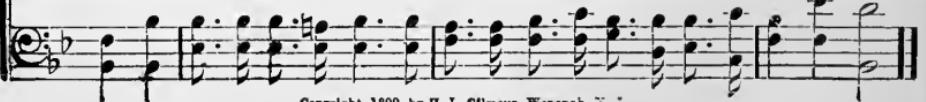
Out up - on the o - cean of abound - ing grace. } Launch away, launch away,
Floating toward the harbor on the tide of love. }



on salvation's tide, Flowing, ever flowing from the riven side ; Send your happy



greeting to the friends above ; We're floating toward the harbor of redeeming love.



STOP AND THINK IT OVER.

LEVIN. H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

3

1. Have you ever thought of what the Lord hath done, Of the many vict'rys thro' his
2. Have you ever thought how you were lost in sin, And the Saviour called you, bade you
3. Have you ever thought how oft you've gone astray, Lured by sin and folly from thy
4. Have you ever thought how in the hour of trial, You have gained assurance by his
5. Have you ever thought of all his mercies mild; How he came and sought you, made you

grace you've won; How his tender mercy has supplied your need, And your sinful
come to him; How he drew you to him, cleansed your sinful heart, Promised he would
narrow way; How you've burned repentant, bowed at Jesus' feet, He received you
tender smile; How his grace sufficient kept you when oppressed; How your wearied
e'en his child? Can you not then glory in the wondrous thought, Jesus' blood on

CHORUS.

spirit from its bondage freed?
nevermore from you depart?
back and made your joy complete?
spirit gained a peaceful rest?
Calvary your ransom bought?

Stop and think it over, God **hath** made you whole;

Stop and think it over,
How the Lord **hath** made you fully whole;

Stop and think it over, He hath blessed your soul. Stop and think it over,
Stop and think it over, How the Lord hath blessed your weary soul.

Stop and think it o - ver; He, by daily blessings, keeps you always whole.

STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY.

W. C. MARTIN.

C. AUSTIN MILLER.

1. To Je-sus ev-ry day I find my heart is closer drawn ; He's fairer than the
 2. His glo-ry broke upon me when I saw him from a-far ; He's fairer than the
 3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief; He folds me to his

glo-ry of the gold and purple dawn ; He's all my fan-cy pictured in its
 lil-y, brighter than the morning star ; He fills and sat-is-fies my longing
 bosom when I droop with blighting grief ; I love the Christ who all my burdens

fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.
 spirit o'er and o'er ; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.
 in his bod-y bore ; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.

CHORUS.

The half..... cannot be fan-cied this side..... the golden
 The half cannot be fancied on this side the golden shore, The half cannot be fancied on this

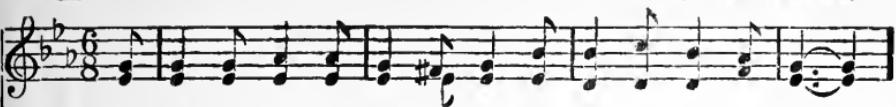
shore ; O there..... he'll be still sweeter than he ev-er was be-fore.
 side the golden shore; than he ev-er was be-fore.

O there he'll be far sweeter than he ever was before,

WHERE JESUS DIED FOR ME.

5

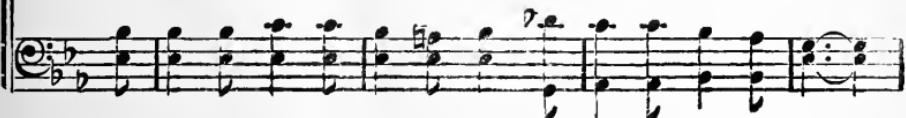
J. W. VAN DEVENTER.



1. Can I for - get the sto - ry old, Of love so full and free?
2. Can I for - get that aw - ful day, The thorns, the rug - ged tree?
3. No! I will not for - get the cross, Tho' in e - ter - ni - ty;
4. When I as - cend to worlds on high, And brighter glo - ries see,



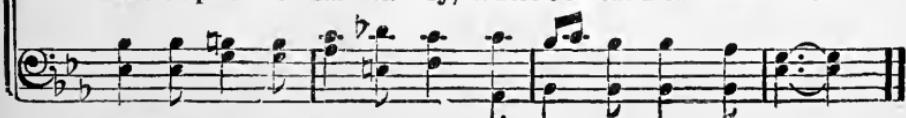
The place without the eit - y wall, Where Je - sus died for me?
Where my dear Sav - ior paid the debt. Where Je - sus died for me?
I'll ev - er think of that dear place, Where Je - sus died for me.
I'll ne'er for - get that sa-cred place, Where Je - sus died for me.



Where Je - sus died for me, Where Je - sus died for me, That



sa-cred place on Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus died for me.



WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN.

E. E. HEWITT.

MRS. J. G. WILSON.



1. Sing the wondrous love of Je-sus, Sing his mer-ey and his grace;
2. While we walk the pilgrim pathway, Clouds will o-verspread the sky;
3. Let us, then, be true and faithful, Trusting, serv-ing ev'-ry day;
4. Onward to the prize be-fore us! Soon his beau-ty we'll be-hold;



In the mansions, bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.
 But when trav'ling days are o-ver, Not a shadow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
 Soon the pearl-y gates will open, We shall tread the streets of gold.

for us a place.



CHORUS.



When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
 When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!



When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the victory.....
 When we all and shout the victo-ry.



MY HEART IS BURNING WITH HIS LOVE.

7

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. 'Twas when to Christ I ful - ly gave My heart, my life, my all;
 2. 'Twas when I felt all else was vain, That Christ was first and best;
 3. The gift tho'small the Saviour saw Up - on the al - tar lie;
 4. On us descend oh Heavenly Dove 'Till ev - 'ry soul is thrilled;

The gift of His re-deem-ing grace On me did sweet-ly fall.
 The "Dove of Peace" from glo-ry came, And com-fort filled my breast.
 And sent from heaven a liv-ing flame The gift to sanc-ti-fy.
 'Till with the full-ness of Thy love Our ev - 'ry heart is filled.

CHORUS.

My heart is burning with His love, My heart is burn-ing
 Yee 'tis burn-ing with His love,

with His love,..... The fire comes down..... from heaven a.
 yes, 'tis burn-ing with His love, The fire comes down

bove; My heart is burn-ing with His love.
 from heaven a-bove, Yes 'tis burn-ing with His love.

ON TO VICTORY!

Dedicated to Rev. B. C. Lippincott, D. D.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.



1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat - tles we must win;
 2. There are hosts of sin be-fore us, That ex - tend from sea to sea;
 3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy - ing, They are fall-ing ev'-ry-where;



There are lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down in sin,
 There are ma - ny still in bondage, There are slaves that must be free;
 Let us brave-ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care;



Let us en - ter in the strug-gle, Ev - er march up - on our way,
 Let us all be up and do - ing, Ev - er found with-in the fray,
 Fall in line pre-pare for bat - tle, Let us fight as well as pray,



We must take the world for God and win the day.



CHORUS.



On..... to vic - to-ry! On..... to vic - to-ry! on..... to vic - to-ry! the



ON TO VICTORY!—Concluded.

9

foe must die! On to - to - ry we'll conquer by and by

LOST, BUT NOT FORSAKEN

J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. Tho' a sin-ner, sick and dy-ing, Je-sus nev-er left my heart ; I could always
2. Tho' I often spurned his pleading, Still he plead without the door; Till at last I
3. Many years I kept him waiting, Yet the Lord would not depart, But remained up-
4. O the joy that filled my be-ing ! It was glo-ry in my soul ! When I bid the

CHORUS.

hear his knocking 'Till he bid my sins depart.
 swung it open, Open wide, to close no more. } I was lost, but not forsaken, I was
 on the doorstep 'Till I let him in my heart. } Saviour enter, And his power made me whole.

ruined by my sin ; But the Lord continued knocking 'Till at last I let him in.

REMEMBERED BLESSINGS.

Words and melody by GEO. L. BROWN.

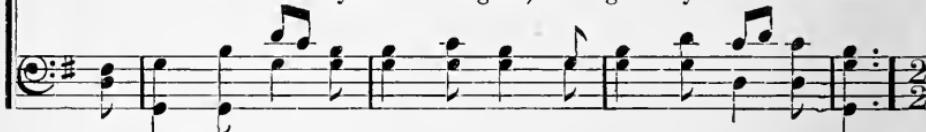
Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



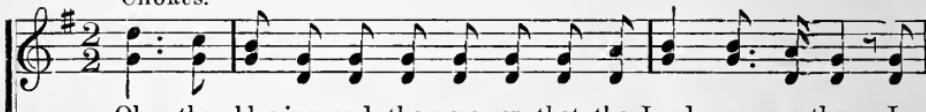
1. I sang, one day, a sad, sweet song, 'Twas at the twilight hour;
2. So filled was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;
3. Thus, oft my Saviour comes to me, When all is lone and still;
4. I praise the Lord, the fire still burns With pen-te-cost-al flame;



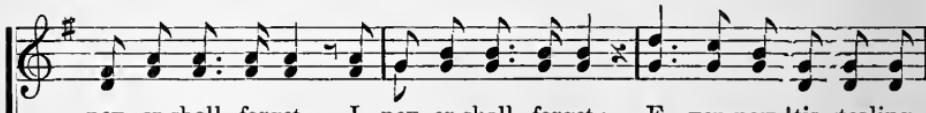
A flame of love came gent-ly down—I felt its melting power.
 With tear-ful eye and throbbing breast I knelt in thankful-ness.
 Each bless-ing makes me long the more To do his ho-ly will.
 The al-tar of my soul's a-glow, All glo-ry to his name.



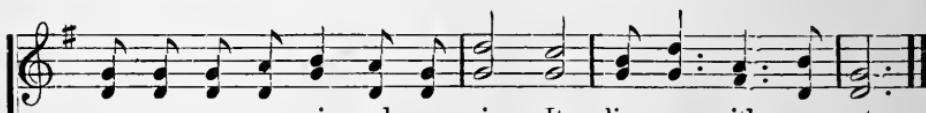
CHORUS.



Oh, the blessing and the pow-er that the Lord gave me then, I



nev-er shall forget, I nev-er shall forget; E-ven now 'tis stealing



o-ver me a-gain and a-gain, It lin-gers with me yet.



JESUS' BLOOD.

11

R. ROBINSON.

Arr. by J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev'-ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise.
2. Teach me some melodious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;
3. Here I'll raise mine E-ben - e - zer, Hith - er, by thy help, I'm come;
4. Je-sus sought me, when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God :

Streams of mer- cy, nev- er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy redeeming love !
 And I hope, by thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar- rive at home.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - terposed his precious blood !

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe, That Je-sus died for you and me;

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I am from sin set free.

Arr. Copyright, 1899, by Hall-Mack Co.

5 O ! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love :
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it !
 Seal it for thy courts above.

NEVER ALONE.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed gold-en ray, Like a star of
 2. Ros - es fade a-round me, Lil - ies bloom and die, Earth-ly sunbeams
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dangers near; Near - er still my

glo - ry, Light-ing up my way! Through the clouds of mid-night,
 van - ish— Ra - diant still the sky! Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on,
 Sav - iour, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer," Joys, like birds of spring-time,

This bright promise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev - er will
 Bloom-ing for His own, Je - sus, Heaven's sun-shine, Nev - er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet - ly, "He will not

CHORUS.

leave thee a - lone." } No, nev - er a - lone,.....
 leave me a - lone. } Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,
 leave me a - lone." }

No, nev - er a - lone; He prom - ised nev - er to leave me,



JESUS HAS LIFTED THE LOAD.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The trust-ing heart to Je-sus clings, Nor an-y ill for-bodes,
 2. The pass-ing days bring ma-ny cares, "Fear not," I hear Him say,
 3. He tells me of my Fa-ther's love, And nev-er-slumb'ring eye;
 4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom-ise true,

But at the cross of Cal-v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift-ed loads!
 And when my fears are turned to prayers, The bur-den-slip a-way.
 My ev-er-last-ing King a-bove Will all my need-supply.
 The might-y arms up-hold-ing me Will bear my burdens too.

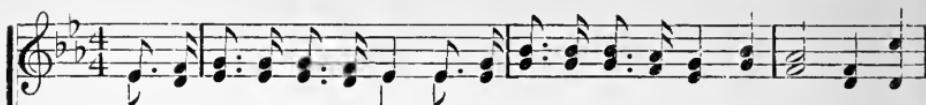
CHORUS.

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, praising the Lord,

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Je-sus has lift-ed my load.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Saviour, my
2. I will la-bor, I will pray, I will trust him ev'ry day, My Saviour, my
3. When I'm weary and distressed, I will go to him for rest, My Saviour, my
4. May I nev-er, never stray From thy precious side away, My Saviour, my



Saviour ; He will give me strength to bear Ev'ry grief that may appear ; My
 Sav - iour ; I will look to him in faith, I will trust him un-til death ; My
 Sav - iour ; To his loving arms I'll fly, Ev'ry need he will supply, My
 Sav - iour ; Naught of e- vil will I fear, While I have my Saviour near ; My



CHORUS.



all in all is he. Yes, a sat - is - fy- ing portion is my Saviour, My



Saviour, my Saviour ; My rock, my stay, bv night and day My all in ali is he.



WHISP'RING IN MY HEART.

15

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.



1. Jesus found me wand'ring, Far from him astray, Tender-ly he led me
2. I can hear him whisper, When my soul is tried, "Fear not, I am with thee;
3. Would you hear the Saviour's Gentle voice within? Now, while he is calling,



To the shining way; Words of peace he whispered, Bade my fears depart;

I am at thy side." When the foe as - sails me, Je-sus takes my part;
Leave the path of sin. Peace that passeth knowledge Freely he'll im-part;

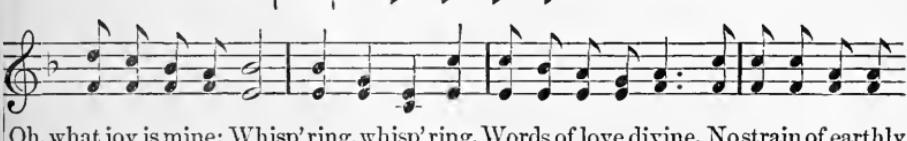


CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas sweet to hear him Whisp'ring in my heart.

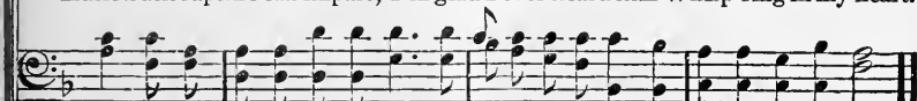
I rejoice to hear him Whisp'ring in my heart. } Whisp'ring, whisp'ring.
You to-day may hear him Whisp'ring in your heart.



Oh, what joy is mine; Whisp'ring, whisp'ring, Words of love divine. No strain of earthly



music Such rapture can impart; I'm glad I ever heard him Whisp'ring in my heart.



JESUS SWEETLY SAVES.

Mrs. C. H. M. 4th verse by H. L. G.

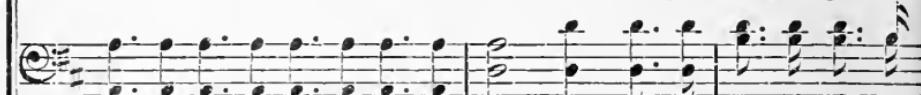
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I had heard the gos - pel call, of - fering par - don free for all, And I
 2. Now the load of sin is gone, and by faith I trav - el on, And I
 3. From the mire an - from the clay, Je - sus took my feet a-way And He
 4. When I reach the gold-en street, and the loved ones gladly meet, The re



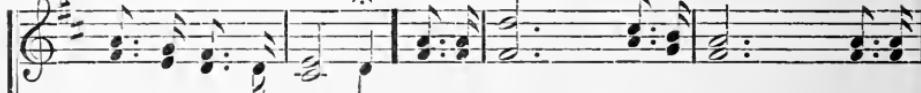
hearkened to the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion; Laid my sins at Je - sus' rest no long-er un - der con-dem - na - tion; For the blood has been ap - placed them on the Rock, the sure Founda-tion; Whether now I live or deemed which came out of great tribu - la - tion, Having washed their garments



feet, tast - ed there re - demp - tion sweet, And He saved me with an plied, and my soul is sat - is - fied With this full, and free, this die, this shall be my con - stant cry Je - sus saves me with an white, prais - ing God both day and night For this full, and free, this

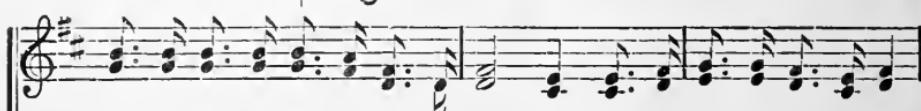


CHORUS.

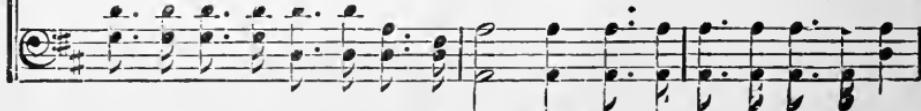


ut - ter-most sal - va - tion. Je - sus saves, sweetly saves, Je - sus

Je - sus saves, sweetly saves,



saves me with an ut - termost sal - va - tion; Tho' I can - not tell you how,



JESUS SWEETLY SAVES.—Concluded.

17

Je-sus sweetly saves me now, With a full, and free, an uttermost salva-tion.

JOHN iii: 16.

J. MANTON SMITH.

W. H. HARPER.

1. { I love to tell the sto - ry, How Christ, the King of
For sin - ners he re-ceives them, His blood was shed to

D. C.—You say, "How do I know it?"—John iii: six - teen will

Fine.

Glo - ry, Left heav'n a - bove to come and res - cue me: }
save them— So Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me. }

rit.

show it; That big word "who - so - ev - er" just means me.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Yes, yes, yes, O yes! Je-sus died to set poor sinners free;

2 So now I'll try to please him,
My life I'll give to serve him,
His true and faithful servant I will be:
And when called home to glory,
I'll sing the good old story,
That Jesus died for sinners just like me.

3 Then, brother, won't you love him?
And, sister, won't you trust him?
I know he died for you as well as me:
We need our sins forgiven,
That we may go to heaven, [me.
To live with Christ, who died for you and

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BAPTIZED WITH THE HOLY GHOST.

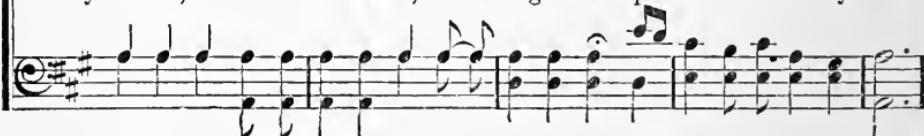
(Suggested by the late Dr. Wm. Swindells' sermon, preached at Mountain
C. H. M. Lake Park Camp Meeting, July 1896.) Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Do you seek a land where there comes no night, Blessed Beulah land, where the
2. Will you take him now as your all in all, Let the self be slain, that the
3. 'Tis the Canaan-land for our weary feet, With our wand'ring o'er, and our
4. Yes, we gladly come, blessed Lord, to thee, From the carnal mind that we



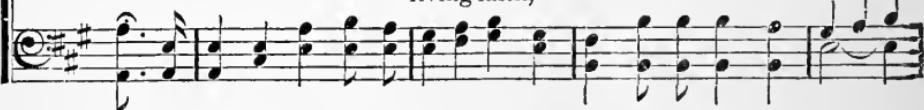
sun shines bright; Where we walk by faith and not by sight, Baptized with the Holy Ghost? pow'r may fall? Will you now in faith for the blessing call, Baptized with the Holy Ghost? rest complete; Where we dwell with Christ in communion sweet, Baptized with the Holy Ghost. may be free; And we look in faith, for we long to be Baptized with the Holy Ghost.



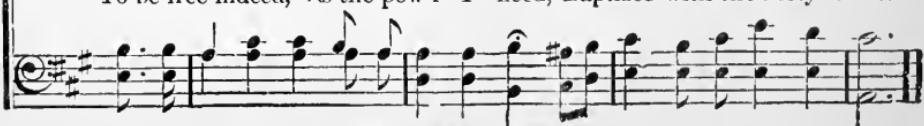
CHORUS.



Will you be baptized in this faith?...Baptized with the Ho- ly Ghost?
Last v Yes, I'll be baptized in this faith,... Baptized with the Ho- ly Ghost;
living faith,



To be free indeed, 'tis the pow'r you need, Baptized with the Holy Ghost.
To be free indeed, 'tis the pow'r I need, Baptized with the Holy Ghost.



I LOVE TO LEAN UPON JESUS.

19

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I love to lean up - on Je - sus, And tell ev - 'ry
 2. I love to lean up - on Je - sus, And whis - per to
 3. I love to lean up - on Je - sus, My gra - cious Re -

tri - al to Him; For He is so strong to de - liv - er
 Him ev - 'ry care; For He is both a - ble and will - ing,
 deem - er and Lord; "He nev - er will leave nor for - sake me,"

CHORUS.

He'll help me each bat - tle to win. } I love to lean up - on
 My sor - rows and bur - dens to bear. }
 'Tis plain - ly de - clared in His word. }

Je - sus, I love to lean up - on Him; He strengthens me so

Where - ev - er I go I love to lean up - on Je - sus.

I'LL AWAKEN IN THE MORNING.

(Suggested by the words of a friend when dying, "I am going to sleep,
IRVIN H. MACK. but I'll awaken in the morning.) J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are times when life seems dreary, And my pathway rough and steep, And my
 2. O the morning, blissful morning, When my eyes from slumber cease, I will
 3. O the morning happy morning, When I wake within that land, Where life's
 4. I'll a - waken in the morning Far a-way from ev 'ry pain, In the

load seems almost more than I can bear; But some night when over weary, I will
 gaze with joy and rapture on that scene; There behold the shining angels Gathered
 shadows and its sorrows never come; There I'll meet my dear Redeemer, He will
 pal - a ces beyond the jasper wall; In the dwelling place of angels, By my

lay me down in sleep, But I'll waken, yes, I'll waken In the morning.
 'round the throne of peace, When I waken, when I waken In the morning.
 take me by the hand, When I waken, when I waken In the morning.
 Saviour's precious side, I'll a - waken, yes, I'll waken In the morning.

D.S.—lay me down in sleep, But I'll waken, yes, I'll waken In the morning.

CHORUS.

In the morn - ing, blessed morn - ing, I'll a - wak-en, I'll a-
 In the morning bright and fair, blessed morning bright and fair,

wak - en in the morn - ing; And some night when shadows creep, I will
 D.S.

O 'TWAS LOVE.

21

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! He endured the sin and shame, Hallelujah ! Praise his
 jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Jesns came my soul to save From the terrors of the
 lujah ! hallelujah !

CHORUS.

3 Was such love as this e'er known?
 Was such love to mortals shown?

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 That my Lord his life would give
 That my sinful soul might live !

Hallelujah ! Praise his name.

4 This my daily song shall be,
 Jesus Christ has died for me ;
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 Though the waves about me roll,
 They shall not o'erwhelm my soul ;
 Hallelujah ! Praise his name.

OVER AND OVER.

B. B.

Allegretto.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. O - ver and o - ver I stood up - on the shore,
 2. O - ver and o - ver I've heard my Sav - iour's voice,
 3. O - ver and o - ver I'll sing this glo - rious song,

O - ver and o - ver I said I would doubt no more; But
 O - ver and o - ver He said, "make me your choice; Now
 O - ver and o - ver Be - fore the gath'ring throng; How

as the sea came roll - ing in, In boundless waves that cleanse from sin, I
 face the waves and tread the sea, Look up in faith and fol - low me;" I
 o'er my heart the sea prevailed, And how his love has nev - er failed, For

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

doubt - ed their sav - ing power. } O - - - ver and
 answered, "I'll prove their power." } O - ver and o - ver,
 ev - er I'll trust his power. }

o - ver, Like a might - y sea,..... comes the
 o - ver and o - ver, mighty sea, There

OVER AND OVER.—Concluded.

23

love of Je - sus Roll - ing o - ver me.....
the love of Je-sus Roll - ing, roll - ing o - ver me.

YES, HE WILL.

W. S. W.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Will Je-sus hear me when I pray? Yes, O yes, he will; And bid the darkness
2. Will Je-sus come and speak to me? Yes, O yes, he will; And set my captive
3. Will Jesus cleanse my heart from sin? Yes, O yes, he will; And then forev - er

CHORUS.

flee a-way? Yes, O yes he will. }
spir - it free? Yes, O yes he will. } Yes, he will, O yes, he will, He will
dwell within? Yes, O yes he will. }

ev - er near abide; Keep my many needs supplied? Yes, O yes, he will.
he will.

4 Will Jesus then supply my need?
Yes, O yes, he will;
My soul with heav'ly manna feed?
Yes, O yes, he will.

5 Will Jesus fill me with his power?
Yes, O yes, he will;
When I approach the dying hour?
Yes, O yes, he will.

6 Will Jesus give me dying grace?
Yes, O yes, he will;
Permit me then to see his face?
Yes, O yes, he will.

7 Will Jesus lead me up the way?
Yes, O yes, he will;
Throughout the land of endless day?
Yes, O yes, he will.

HE IS THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.

E. E. HEWITT.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. One who will freely for-give all my sin, He is the Saviour for me;
 2. One who can turn bitter waters to sweet, He is the Saviour for me;
 3. One who is lov-ing and tender and true, He is the Saviour for me;

Bringing His precious salvation within, He is the Saviour for me.
 Peace, "perfect peace," as I wait at His feet, He is the Saviour for me.
 Able my courage and strength to renew, He is the Saviour for me.

Spread-ing His mer - cy, like sunshine, a-round, Wonder-ful grace that will
 Cleans-ing me, keep-ing me, day af - ter day, Helping me walk in His
 Lift-ing me up as His cross I shall bear, Calling me ev - er to

"much more a - bound;" Just such a Sav-iour in Je - sus I've found,
 roy - al high-way, Hear-ing and answ'ring as hum-bly I pray,
 heights pure and fair, In His great har-vest-ing, let - ting me share,

CHORUS.

He is the Sav-iour for me.
 He is the Sav-iour for me.
 He is the Sav-iour for me.

for me;

He is the Sav-iour for

HE IS THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.—Concluded

25

me; Glo - ry to him ev - er be; Just such a
for me;

Saviour in Je - sus I've found, He is the Saviour for me.
for me.

WAND'RING FAR FROM HOME.

C. A. M.

Slowly.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Far up the mountain of sin do I roam, Hopeless am I and far from home;
2. Why do I cling to the hab-its of sin, When someone waits to take me in?
3. Yes, I am coming, no longer I'll stay, Je-sus has broken Satan's sway;

Someone is calling, I hear thro' the gloom, A sweet voice is calling, "Come, come home."
Why do I linger while yet thro' the gloom That sweet voice is calling, "Come, come home."
Yes, I am coming, no longer I'll roam, While yet thou art calling, "Come, come home."

CHORUS.

Wand'ring, wand'ring, far from home, Jesus is calling, "Come, come home."
Wand'ring, wand'ring, far from home, wand'ring far from home, from home,

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

W. S. Weeden.



1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my mother kindly say, "You're
 2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That always made my heart rejoice; Tho'
 3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love—I hear them yet; I
 4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing power, My



leav - ing now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's prayer."
 I have wandered God knows where, Still I remember mother's prayer.
 see her by the old arm chair, My moth-er dear, in hum - ble prayer.
 sin and guilt He cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's prayer.



CHORUS.



1, 2, & 3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
 4. Oh, pralse the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face



A voice comes floating on the air, Re-mind-ing me of moth-er's prayer.
 The home above to-ge-ther share, In an-swer to my mother's prayer.



LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

27

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart ;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Jesus come in-to your heart ;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come in-to your heart ;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come in-to your heart ;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart ;



If you desire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.



CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject him no more;
 Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;



Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 Just now, I o-pen the door And Jesus comes into my heart.



WHEN THE PEARLY GATES UNFOLD.

H. H. B.

H. H. BOOTH.

1. I have giv'n up all for Je-sus; This vain world is nought to me;
 2. When the voice of Je-sus calls me, And the an-gels whis-per low,
 3. Just be-yond the waves of Jordan, Just be-yond the chill-ing tide,

All its plea-sures are for-got-ten In re-memb'ring Cal-va-ry.
 I will lean up-on my Sav-iour, Thro' the val-ley as I go;

Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv-ing wa-ters glide;

Tho' my friends despise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks cold,
 I will claim His pre-cious promise, Worth to me a world of gold,
 In that hap-py land of spir-its, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold.

FINE.

I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl-y gates un-fold.
 "Fear no e-vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl-y gates un-fold."
 And the an-gels are a-wait-ing When the pearl-y gates un-fold.

D.S.—But my heart will know no sad-ness, When the pearl-y gates un-fold.

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its eve-ning bells will toll;

No. 29

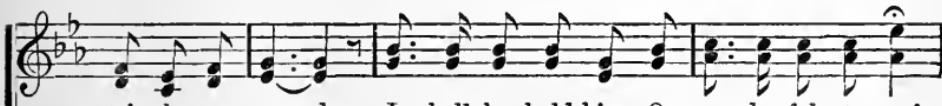
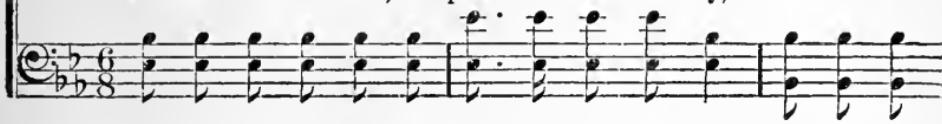
I SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

W. A. S.

REV. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.



1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawning Breaks on the
3. More and more like him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and



tri - als are passed, I shall be - hold him, O won - der - ful sto - ry! vis - ion so fair, Now we may welcome the heav - en - ly morning, o - ver a - gain, Changed by his spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,



CHORUS.



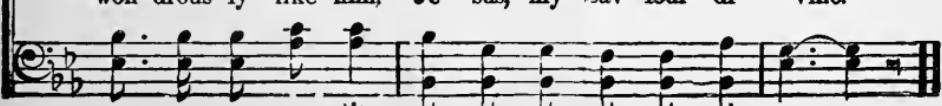
I shall be like him at last. }
Now we his im - age may bear. } I shall be like him, I shall be
I shall be sat - is - fied then. }



like him, And in his beau - ty shall shine; I shall be like him,



won - drous - ly like him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.



J. W. VAN DE VENTER

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov-ing Sav-ior hath found me, And shattered the fet-ters that
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi-nal-ly winning me
 3. I nev-er, no, nev-er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of ser-vi-ce and

bound me, Tho' all was con-fu-sion a-round me, He came and spake
 to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur-sue Him, And asked to be
 grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Re-main in His

peace to my soul; The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, Iu
 filled with His grace; Al-though a vile sin-ner be-fore Him, Thro'-
 pres-ence di-vine; A-bid-ing in love ev-er flow-ing, In

ten-der-ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of Sal-va-tion He
 faith I was led to im-plore Him, And now I re-joice and a-
 knowl-edge and grace ev-er grow-ing, Con-fid-ing im-pli-cit-ly,

taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
 dore Him, Re-stored to His lov-ing ein-brace. He saves me, He
 know-ing, That Je-sus the Sav-ior is mine.

HE SAVES ME.—Concluded.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu - jah! Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry,
 His spir-it a-bid-eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

Rit.

31 ALASI AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS.

A-las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovreigna die?
 Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm..... as I?

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood of Je-sus, The precious blood of Je-sus;
 Oh, the blood of Je-sus It washes from..... all sin.

1. Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

2. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man the creature's sin.

3. Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

SOLO OR DUET.

M. E. ABBEV.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, by per.

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en - gi - neer that's brave;
 2. You will roll up grades of tri - al, You will cross the bridge of strife;
 3. You will al - ways find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
 4. As you roll a - cross the tres-tle, Spanning Jor-dan's swell-ing tide;

We must make the run suc-cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
 See that Christ is your Con-duc-tor On this light-ning train of life;
 On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al - most ditch your train;
 You be-hold the un - ion de - pot In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels, Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
 Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc - tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
 There you'll meet the Superin - tend - ent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,

Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 With the heart - y, joy - ous plaudit, "Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Sav - iour, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that bli - ssful shore,



Where the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for ev - er-more.

LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K.

With great feeling.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord. I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O, wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

34 WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

J. M. B.

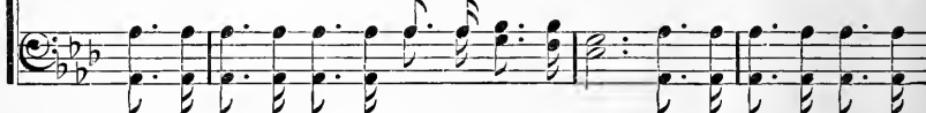
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,



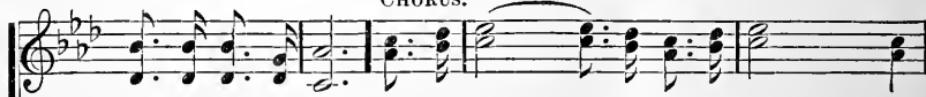
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair ; When the saved of earth shall
 And the glo - ry of his res - urrec - tion share ; When his chosen ones shall
 Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is



gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
 gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up
 o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



CHORUS.



yon- der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - - der,
 When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,



When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
 When the roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there,



roll.....is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

CHARLES WESLEY. "Come, for all things are ready."
Cho. by H. L. G. Luke 14: 17.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left behind, It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev'-ry soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid-den all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea-ry wand'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS. D.S.

Sal-va-tion full, sal-va-tion free, The price was paid on Cal-va-ry;

Copyright, 1859, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ; The invitation is to all :	7 My message as from God receive ; Ye all may come to Christ and live :
4 Come, all the world ! come, sinner, thou ! All things in Christ are ready now.	8 O let this love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain.
5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wanderers after rest ;	9 See him set forth before your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice :
6 Ye yoor, and maimed, and halt, and blind In Christ a hearty welcome find.	10 His offered benefits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.

OH! WHAT A RESTING PLACE!

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEDDE.

1. I have found a friend divine, And his saving grace is mine; When I trusted
 2. I will evermore abide Near the Saviour's wounded side—Always rest se-
 3. Sinner, there is rest for thee At the cross of Calva- ry; Thy sal- vation

in his word, Then I found the Lord. It is now so sweet to stay Where as
 surely there, In his ten- der care. When the storms of life assa-! When as-
 is complete At the Saviour's feet. Come and rest beneath the cross, Count all

wash'd my sins away, Where his Spirit fills my soul, Where he keeps me whole
 tress and grief prevail, He will fold me to his breast—Give me joy and rest.
 else but earthly dross; Come, ye ruined by the fall, There is rest for all.

CHORUS.

{ Oh, what a resting place! Oh, what a - biding grace!
 { There was the blood applied, Now I am sat- is-fied;
 { Oh, what a rest - ing, a rest - ing place! Oh, what a - biding, a - biding grace!
 { There, oh, there was the blood ap - plied, Now, just now, I am sat - is-fied;

Down at the cross of Jesus Where I found the blessed Saviour;
 Oh, hal- le- lujah! praise his name foreve! (Omit.) . . . more.

Down at the cross, at the cross of Je - sus,
 Oh, hal- le- lu- jah! I'll praise. I'll praise his

WHEN THE SAINTS ARE MARCHING IN.

37

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shin-ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints.... are
 2. Part - ed friends shall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints.... are
 3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall ex-tol God's grace, When the saints.... are
 4. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again," When the saints.... are

When the saints

marching in,
 marching in,
 marching in,
 marching in, (are marching in)

The Redeemed shall come And be crowned at home,
 Spot-less robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear,
 And the blood-washed throng Shall re-peat the song,
 We shall of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days,

CHORUS.

When the saints..... are marching in. When the saints are marching
 When the saints, When the saints

in, When the saints. . . are marching in, Joy-ful
 are marching in, When the saints are marching in,

songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints.... are marching in.
 When the saints marching in.

OH, IT IS WONDERFUL.

E. C. GREEN. Rewritten.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near;
3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour;
4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love;

Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He?
Free - ly now His grace bestowing, Jesus is growing unto me more dear.
When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Jesus ev'ry ransomed pow'r.
How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints above.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful, ve-ry, ve-ry won-der-ful.

All His grace so rich and free!

5 As I think of all, I marvel
 Why in such patience He my good
 has sought,
And bestowed His grace upon me,
 And in my spirit such a change
 has wrought.

6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:
 "Unto the Savior be eternal
 praise,"
Who redeemed me, soul and body,
 Filling with gladness all my
 earthly days.

I MUST TELL JESUS.

39

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je-sus all of my tri-als; I cannot bear these.
2. I must tell Je-sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com-.
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my.
4. O how the world to e-vil al-lures me! O how my heart is.

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev-er.
passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er, Make of my.
burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my.
tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the.

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
trou - bles quickly an end.
cares and sorrows will share.
world the vict'ry to win. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell.

Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell.

Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone. Rit.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

DURE.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

4)

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing,
 2. Fa - ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman,
 3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
 4. Sweet lit - tie dar - ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some one,
 5. Je - sus the Savior, bright morning star, Look-ing for lost ones

looking for me; Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and
 wait for the sal - Bearing the loved ones over the tide In-to the
 coming sometime; Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watch-ing for
 beckon-ing come; Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously
 straying a - far; Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Jesus is

CHORUS.

watching patiently there.
 har - bor, near to their side.
 dear ones waiting be - low. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
 look - ing, mother, for you.
 cal - ling, "Sinner, come home."

Loved ones are wait - ing, looking this way; Fair as the morning,

bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry looking this way.

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

41

MARY BROWN.

"CONSECRATION."

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak -
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide -



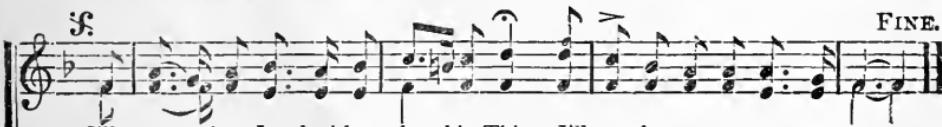
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek -
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied -



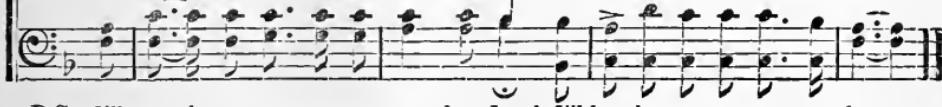
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,



FINE.

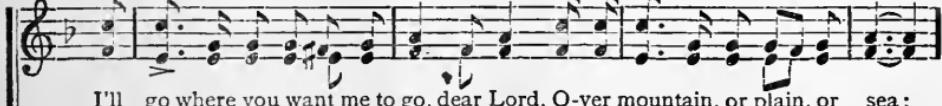


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

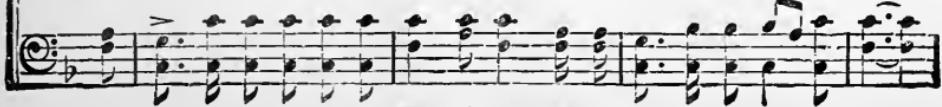


D.S. - I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be. D.S.

REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;



SUNLIGHT.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEEN.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
 2. Though clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
 3. While walk- ing in the light of God, I, sweet com-mun - ion find;
 4. I cross the wide ex-tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
 5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me.

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the bright-ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Sun - light, sun - light, in my soul to-day, Sun - light, sun - light
 to-day, yes,

all a - long the way. Since the Sav - iour found me,
 nar - row way,

took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love with - in.
 load of sin,

MY PILOT.

43

A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Out on the o-cean my frail bark will glide ; O'er the dark wa-ters and
 2. Step in the life-boat and fear not the wave, Je-sus is read-y and
 3. Je-sus is waiting ; O what will you do? Patient-ly waiting, yes,



swift flowing tide, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, will stand by my side ;
 will-ing to save ; If you will en-ter, and on him be-lieve,
 waiting for you. Doubt, then, no long-er, for he'll bring you through ;



CHORUS.



He'll bring me in - to the blest har - bor. }
 He'll guide you in - to the blest har - bor. } Je-sus, my Saviour, my
 He'll guide you in - to the blest har - bor. }



pi - lot will be, Guiding me safe- ly across the dark sea ; Not fearing, but

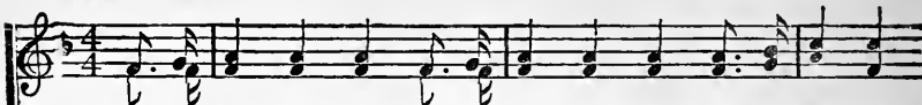


knowing, what- ev - er be- tide, He'll bring me in- to the blest har - bor.

SAY I WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

MAY MAURICE.

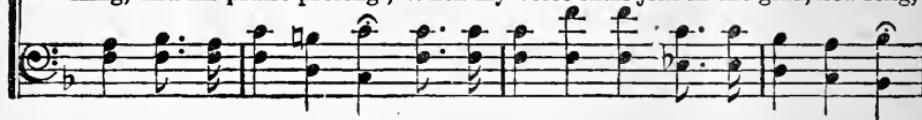
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When my wea - ry feet reach the shin - ing goal, And the Master's
 2. When I sweet - ly rest on that peace - ful shore, Where the blight of
 3. When I stand at last with the white-robed throng, To a - dore my



voice greets my raptured soul ; Where the waves of joy shall around me roll,
 sin shall be felt no more ; When I find the loved ones who've gone before,
 King, and his praise prolong ; When my voice shall join in the glad, new song,



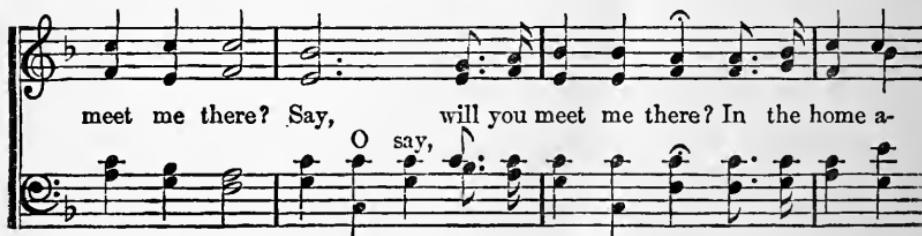
CHORUS.



O say, will you meet me there? Say, will you

O say,

meet me there? Say, will you meet me there? In the home a-



bove, in the land of love, O say, will you meet me there?



FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON

Very slow.



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je-sus is calling, — Calling for you and for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je-sus is pleading, — Pleading for you and for
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, — Passing from you and from
 4. O, for the won-der-ful love he has promised, — Promised for you and for



me. See on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watching, —
 me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer-cies, —
 me. Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are com - ing, —
 me. Though we have sinned he has mer - cy and par - don, —



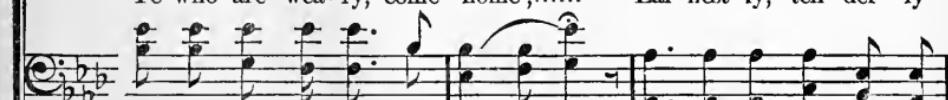
REFRAIN.



Watching for you and for me. Come home,... come home,.....
 Mercies for you and for me? Come home, come home
 Com-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home
 Par-don for you and for me.



ores. — *rit.* — *p* — *pp* —
 Ye who are wea-ry, come home;..... Ear-nest-ly, ten - der - ly



rit. — *pp* —

Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



HALLELUJAH! JESUS LIVES!

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



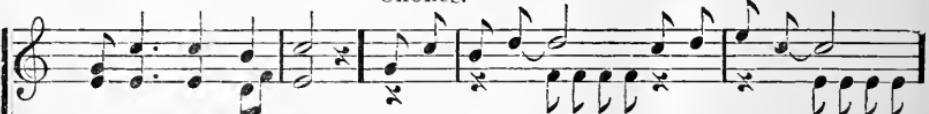
1. Tho' the tomb essayed to hold him in its dark embrace, Hallelujah ! Je - sus
2. Jesus Christ, the Saviour, liveth in my heart to-day, Halle - lu - jah ! Je - sus
3. Ev'ry one who seeks salvation will this grace receive, Halle - lu - jah ! Je - sus
4. By and by we'll meet this Jesus, when he claims his own, Hallelujah ! Je - sus



lives ! In the morning, in the garden, Mary met him face to face, Halle -
lives ! Since his pard'ning pow'r has reached me, I've been singing all the way, Halle -
lives ! If on Christ, the risen Saviour, in their hearts they will believe, Halle -
lives ! And our crowns of vict'ry wearing, we will sing around the throne, Halle -



CHORUS.



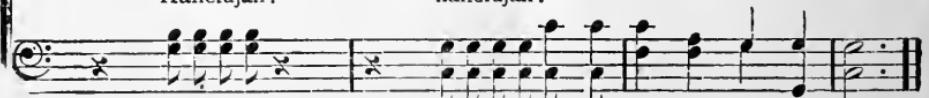
lujah ! Je - sus lives ! Halle - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah !
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !



We will tell the bless- ed tid- ings o'er and o'er; Hal - le -
o'er and o'er;



lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Je - sus lives for ev - er - more !
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !



I NEVER WILL CEASE TO LOVE HIM.

47

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to love him,
2. He gives me strength for ev'ry day, I never will cease to love him;
3. Tho' all the world his love neglect, I never will cease to love him;
4. He saves me ev-'ry day and hour, I never will cease to love him,
5. While on my journey here be- low, I never will cease to love him;



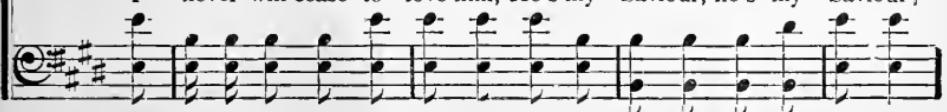
And for his grace so rich and free, I never will cease to love him.
 He leads and guides me all the way, I never will cease to love him.
 I could not such a Friend re- ject, I never will cease to love him.
 Just now I feel his cleansing pow'r, I never will cease to love him.
 And when to that bright world I go, I never will cease to love him.



CHORUS.



I never will cease to love him My Saviour, my Saviour;
 I never will cease to love him, He's my Saviour, he's my Saviour;



I nev- er will cease to love him, He's done so much for me.
 I nev- er will cease to love him, For he's done so much for me.



SONG IN THE OLD CHURCH.

(One stormy night, when a lad, just after they had carried mother to the old churchyard and laid her beside the dust of father, I entered an old church and sat back near the door, conscious of the fact that I was a sinner and needed Jesus. A man of God came down the aisle and tenderly invited me to come to Christ. I came, found pardon, and that was the turning point in my life.—Chas. J. Butler.)

C. J. B.

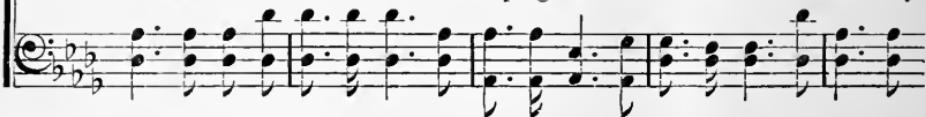
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



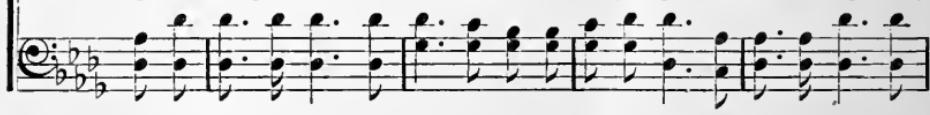
1. One stormy night, long years ago, I saw the church lights brightly glow; They
2. One down the quaint old church aisle came, Who knew the sweetness of Christ's name; In
3. Of that old church we find no trace, A costly one now takes its place; And



seemed to say, "Come in, my child, Here's shelter from the tempest wild." With trembling tender tones he said to me, "To Jesus come, he died for thee." The Spirit he who me to Jesus led Is sleeping with the silent dead. But mem'ry



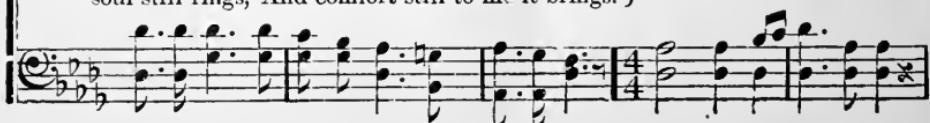
steps I entered in, Bearing my load of guilt and sin; This dear old song fell whispered, "Why delay? Haste, e'er shall pass salvation's day." I came, found peace at holds the picture bright Of that blest scene, that stormy night; That old song in my



CHORUS.



on my ear, This song to mem'ry ev- er dear : }
Jesus' feet, And sang with saints this song so sweet : } Here speaks the Comforter,
soul still rings, And comfort still to me it brings. }



teu - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal."

THERE'S A HOME IN HEAVEN FOR ME.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a land beyond the distant sky, And a home in that land for me;
 2. So, if trials should come to vex my soul, They will drive me to Jesus' breast;
 3. And when I reach that glorious shore, Just o - ver the si - lent sea,

Where I'll walk with loved ones gone before, And with Jesus ev - er will be.
 I will watch and pray till time is past, And he calls me yonder to rest.
 I will sing of Je - sus cru - ei - fied, He who left his glo - ry for me.

CHORUS.

There's a home in heaven for me, There's a home in heaven for me;
 for me, for me;

I shall rest some sweet day, In that land far away, There's a home in heaven for me. .
 for me.

JUST TELL THE LOWLY JESUS.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



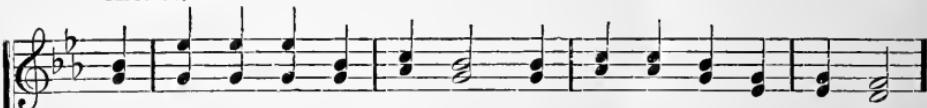
1. It all your days are full of fear, Just tell the low - ly Je - sus ;
2. When troubles like the billows roll, Just tell the low - ly Je - sus ;
3. When heavy hangs your heart with care, Just tell the low - ly Je - sus ;
4. And when the time shall come to die, Just tell the low - ly Je - sus ;



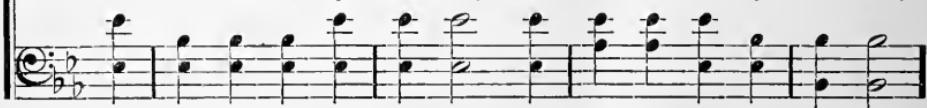
He'll bring you sunshine, bright and clear, Just tell the low - ly Je - sus.
 And tri - als o - verwhelm your soul, Just tell the low - ly Je - sus.
 And burdens seem too hard to bear, Just tell the low - ly Je - sus.
 He'll take you to his home on high, To be at home with Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Just tell the low - ly Je - sus, Just tell the low - ly Je - sus;



Thro' ev - 'ry day just watch and pray, And tell the low - ly Je - sus.



J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an- y-one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the
 2. Is there an- y-one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
 3. Is there an- y-one can help us who can give a sinner peace, When his
 4. Is there an- y-one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympathizes with us, who in
 faint and fall beneath it in a-larm; Who in tenderness will lift us, and the
 heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af-
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis-

wondrous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
 heav - y bur-den share, And support us with an ev- er - last- ing arm?
 fords a sweet release, And whose blood can wash and make as white as snow?
 pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safely o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-
 Yes, there's One, only One,

fliction's press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the one.

MOTHER'S CHART.

W. H. B.

W. H. BROWN.



1. The bless - ed Book of Truth di-vine, My moth - er loved so well ;
2. When wea-ry with the cares of life, Would to this prom - ise flee ;
3. Her face illumed with hallowed glow, While tears of joy she shed ;
4. Her eyes grew dim, the Book was closed, Yet still we hear her sing ;



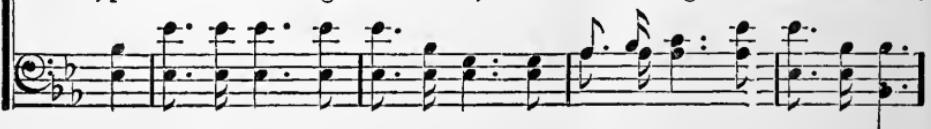
The prom - is - es her tears had marked, On them she loved to dwell.
 "Those will I keep in per-fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on me."
 "I nev - er shall for - sak - en be, Nor will I want for bread."
 "Him in his beau - ty I shall see, When I behold the King."



CHORUS.



Oh, precious Book of Light and Truth, With radiance bright illumes the heart ;



While sail- ing on the sea of life, This grand, old Book was mother's chart.



THE FOUNTAIN IS FLOWING.

53

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. A fountain was opened on Cal - va - ry, 'Tis flowing, flowing still;
2. Come, plunge in the fountain, from sin be free, 'Tis flowing, flowing still;
3. This fountain's been flowing for a - ges past, 'Tis flowing, flowing still;
4. The fountain is flowing for those oppressed, 'Tis flowing, flowing still;



'That cleansed from all sin ev'ry sinner may be, 'Tis flowing, flowing still.

The deaf ones may hear, and the blind ones may see.'Tis flowing, flowing still.

It will flow while the need for the cleansing shall last, 'Tis flowing, flowing still.

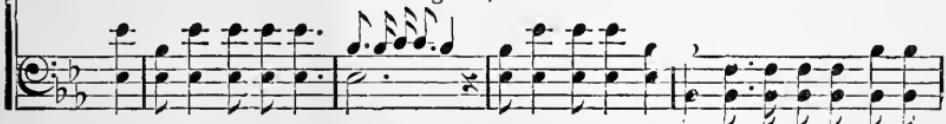
Then en - ter to-day, ye weary, and rest, 'Tis flowing, flowing still.



CHORUS.



The fountain is flowing free, Flowing for you and me; Hallelujah! We will
'tis flowing free,



plunge in the flood and be reconciled to God While the fountain is flowing free.



THE INNER CIRCLE.

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the
Union Meetings at Mount Vernon in November 1898.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN



1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples followed, As they went where'er he sent;
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er - rand in his name,
4. Master, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We, thy children, humbly wait;



Does he tell you in communi - ion What he wish - es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On his lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.



CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?



rit.
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?
Have you giv'n your



AND THAT IS WHY I LOVE JESUS.

55

FRANK H. MASHAW.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. He came down from heaven for you and for me ; He paid all my debt on
 2. He found me a wand'rer a-way from the fold, Far out on the hills all
 3. He gives me sweet songs in the stillness of night ; He hides me secure from
 4. He says in his Word that his people shall stand For-ev-ermore safe on

Cal - va - ry's tree ; And now his blest Spir - it hath spok - en to me,
 bar - ren and cold ; He entered my heart and my sins from me rolled,
 storms that af - fright ; He sheds'round my pathway a vis - ion of light,
 heav'n's golden strand ; And I shall be one of that glo - ri - fied band,

CHORUS.

And that is why I love Je - sus. And that is why I love

Je - sus, And that is why I love Je - sus ; He purchased my

pardon on Cal - va - ry's tree, And that is why I love Je - sus.

O DON'T STAY AWAY.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

With expression.

REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No long - er be distressed;
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can - not b told;
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win;
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo - ments are fly - ing fast;
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no long - er roam;

Come to thy Sav - iour's breast, O don't stay a - way.
 Come to thy Sav - iour's fold, O don't stay a - way.
 Now he will take thee in, O don't stay a - way.
 Judg - ment will come at last, O don't stay a - way.
 Come, now, and start for home, O don't stay a - way.

CHORUS.

Pray'rs are as - cend - ing now, An - gels are bend - ing now;

Ritard.....

Both worlds are blend - ing now, O don't stay a - way.

WONDERFUL PEACE.

57

REV. W. D. CORNELL.

REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a
 2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied
 3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest-ing
 4. And me-thinks when I rise to that eit-y of peace Where the

inel-o-dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-les-tial-like strains it un-
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se-cure that no pow-er can
 sweet-ly in Je-sus' con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
 Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the

ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in-fi-nite calm.
 mine it a-way, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
 night and by day, And his glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.
 ran-som'd will sing In that heav-en-ly cit-y will be.

CHORUS.

Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove; Sweep

o-ver my spir-it for-ev-er I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

CHRIST, OF GALILEE.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

Arr. by J. W. V.



1. Once my heart was filled with sadness, And storms swept o'er my soul, But my grief was
 2. I was like the restless ocean, Disturbed by storm and tide; All was dark and
 3. O the sea of sin that filled me! The storms that crossed my breast! 'Till the Saviour

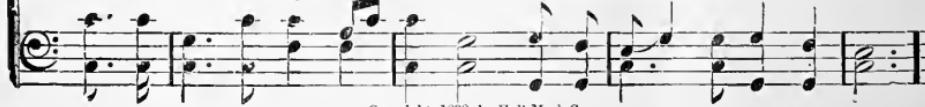
CHORUS.



turned to gladness, When Jesus made me whole. } It was Christ, of Galilee, }
 in commotion, But Je-sus pac-i-fied. } Who rebuked the stormy sea; }
 came and stilled me, Spake peace, and gave me rest. } { Gal-i-lee, }
 { stormy sea; }



It was Je-sus, my dear Saviour, Whispered, "Peace, be still," to me.

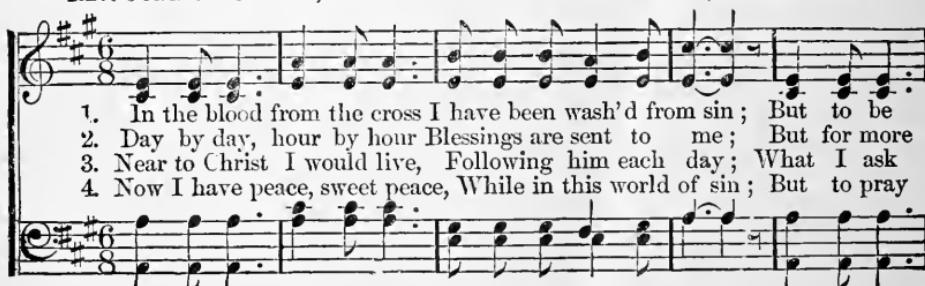


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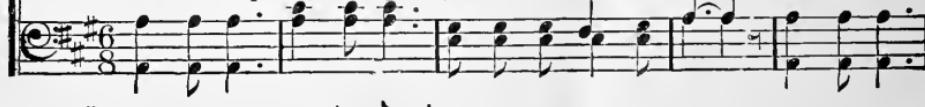
DEEPER YET.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

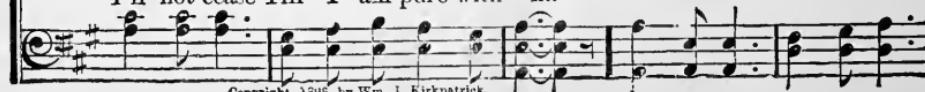
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Following him each day; What I ask
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray



free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
 of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be. } Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
 he will give, So then with faith I pray. } I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.



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DEEPER YET.—Concluded.

Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

60 J. W. VANDEVENTER. I SURRENDER ALL.

W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free-ly give;
I will ev-er love and trust him, In his presence dai-ly live.
2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Humbly at his feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, whol-ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that thou art mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to thee, my bless-ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

THE SOMEDAY BY AND BY.

A. E. K.

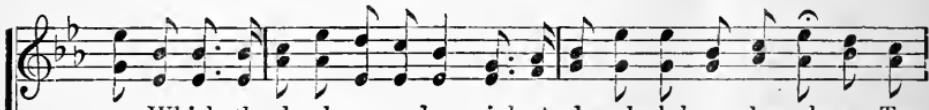
Rev. A. EDWIN KEIGWIN.



1. When the shadows of the evening Steal across life's rugged way, And up-
2. When our choicest hopes are blighted, Like a rose by winter's frost, And the
3. When the cir - cle here is broken, And the lov-ing form is gone ; When we
4. Fold away the precious clothing ; Pick the toys up from the floor ; These, in



on our souls a dream-ing Falls, of still anoth-er day, We for- get our heavy
 joys that most delighted, Seem now altogeth- er lost— Then we lift our eyes to
 lin- ger over tokens That are left, we hear a song Floating from the clouds of
 spite of all our mem'ries, Cannot charm their owners more. Do not spend thy days in



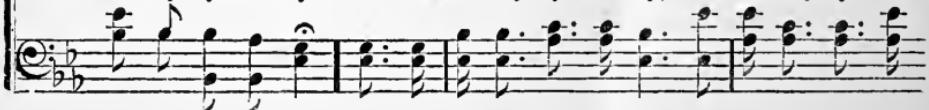
crosses, Which, the day long, made us sigh, And we look beyond our losses, To a
 heaven, And implore a fresh supply Of that hope to mortals giv- en, Of a
 sorrow That have o-ver-cast the sky ; 'Tis the song of a to-morrow, And a
 brooding Over thy sad loss, but try So to live, that you may meet them In the



CHORUS.



someday by and by. O the someday by and by, The someday by and



by ; It will all be joy and brightness In that someday by and by.



J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.



1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the risen **dead** ;
2. I'll then receive a bright and star-ry crown, As on - ly God **can** give ;
3. Then we shall meet to never part a - gain ; Our toil will then be o'er ;



The Lord will then make known the record there ; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for-ev - er more.



CHORUS.



I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood ;



I will an-swer when they call my name ; Saved thro' Je - sus blood.



THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH Arr. by W. J. K.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus

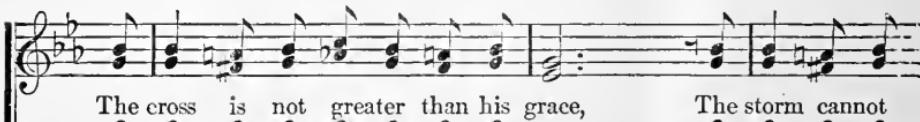
1. The cross that he gave me may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me,
3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful- fill - ing, As I'm walking in his sight,



The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than he drank in Gethsema - ne.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.



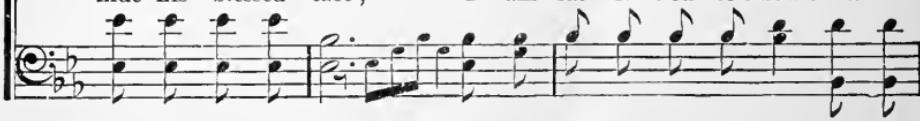
CHORUS.



The cross is not greater than his grace, The storm cannot



hide his blessed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with



Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



WONDERFUL FULLNESS OF JOY.

J. B. M.

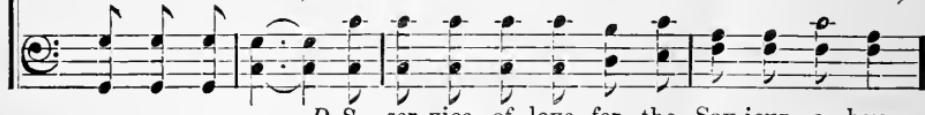
J. B. MACKAY.



1. There is joy in the ser-vice of Je - sus the Lord, No pleas-ure of
 2. One brief day in his ser-vice is bet - ter, by far, Than years of de -
 3. Oh! this joy like a deep, crys - tal stream floweth on, Re - fresh-ing our
 4. There is noth ing shall tempt us from Je - sus a - way, His love all with -



earth can be - stow; He giv - eth to all who are faith-ful to him,
 vo - tion to sin; The joy of the Lord is e - ter - nal and sure,
 souls here be - low Its source is the won - der - ful foun - tain of life,
 in us con - trols; We know if to him we are faith-ful and true,



D.S.—ser - vice of love for the Saviour a - bove

FINE. CHORUS.



A joy that the world can-not know. Joy, won - der - ful
 And rich - ly a - bid - eth with - in. }
 Whose wa - ters for - ev - er shall flow. }
 His joy will a-bound in our souls. Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,



With joy makes our hearts o - ver - flow.



full - ness of joy, Joy that the world can - not know; The



THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
 2. I heard the bless-ed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
 3. His gra-cious words of par-don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -
 4. I plunge be-neath this fountain, That cleaseneth white as snow; It pours from
 5. Oh, crown Him King for-ev - er! My Sav - iour and my friend; By Zi - on's

CHORUS.

heav'ly voic - es, And sing redeeminglove.)
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.)
 way my bur - den, And bade my fears depart.) For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,
 Calv'ry's mountain, With blessings in its flow.)
 crys - tal riv - er His praise shall never end.)

Pow'r in Je-sus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

“THE SINNER INVITED.” 6s, 7s.

W. H. M., by per.

Arr. by Rev. W. H. McDONALD.

Fine.

D.C.

SINNER, come, will you go
 To the highlands of heaven?
 Where the storms never blow,
 And the long summer's given:
 Where the bright, blooming flow'rs
 Are their odors emitting,
 And the leaves of the bow'rs
 In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the saints robed in white—
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain;

Where no sin, nor dismay,
 Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

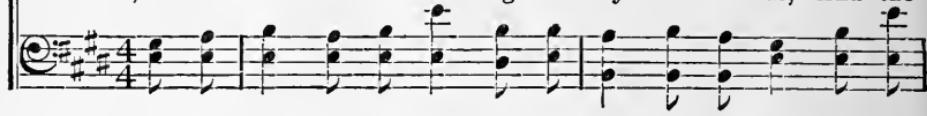
3 He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come—
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come!
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

W. C. MARTIN.

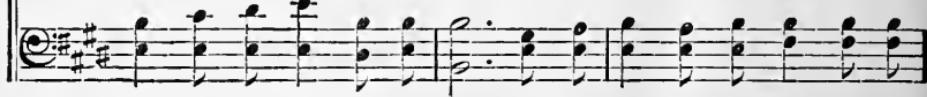
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. There are hearts that are droop-ing in sor - row to - day ; There are
 2. There are bur - dens most grievous and heav - y to bear ; There are
 3. When the soul is in dark-ness and wea - ry with care Comes the
 4. O, the beau - ti - ful dawn-ing of day is not far, And the



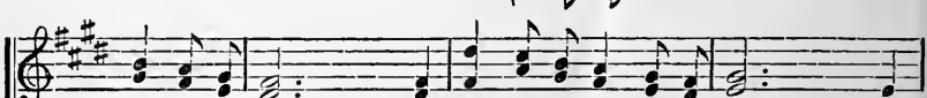
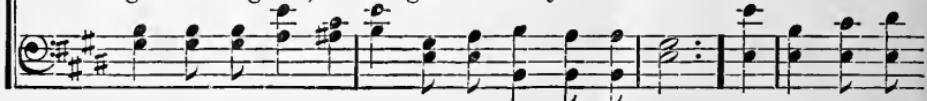
souls un - der shad - o w, the while. O, the com - fort from God you can
 souls whom the sin - ful re - vile ; You can lov - ing - ly whis - per God's
 temp-ter al - lur - ing with guile. You should shine in that life like the
 gloaming will lin - ger a while. Let us glow like the glit - ter - ing,



CHORUS.



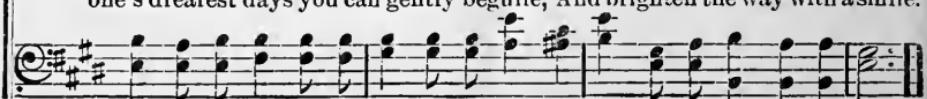
gen - tly con - ve y, And brighten the way with a smile.
 prom - is - es rare, And brighten the way with a smile. } O, brighten the
 sunbeams so fair, And brighten the way with a smile. }
 bright morning star, And brighten the way with a smile.



way with a smile, Yes, brighten the way with a smile, Some
 with a smile, with a smile,



one's drearest days you can gently beguile, And brighten the way with a smile.



WE'LL ENTER THE HARBOR.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. O'er the sea of life we swift- ly glide, Fearing not the billow's foam ;
2. Tho' the waves roll high a-bout our bark, And the winds about us sweep ;
3. When the sun shines brightly o-verhead, And the way is calm and clear ;



For we know that soon, at the Saviour's will, We will enter the harbor home.
 There is One whose hand is upon the wheel, He will guide us across the deep.
 Or in darkest night, when no light we see, We will trust him and have no fear.



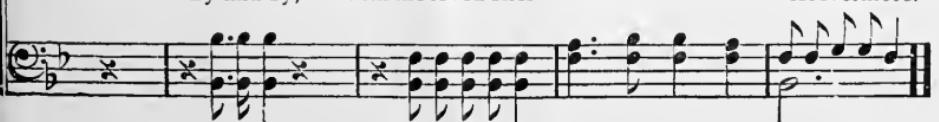
CHORUS.



By and by, by and by, We will stand up-on the shore ;
 By and by, by and by, upon the shore;



By and by, with the loved ones We'll dwell for-ev - er- more.
 By and by, with the loved ones forevermore.



THE BEAUTIFUL HIGHWAY OF GOD.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

S:



1. There's a high-way cast up thro' this val-ley be-low, Where the ransomed are
2. There the fee - ble shall run and be fleet as the strong, There the young shall not
3. O so plain is the beau - ti - ful high-way of God, That the way-far-ing
4. Let us patiently walk hand in hand with the Lord, Till we reach the bright

D. S.—beau - ti - ful



led with delight; Hand in hand with the Lord, their Redeemer, they go, To the distance the old; Ev'ry tongue that was silent shall car - ol a song, And the soul need not err; 'Tis the way that the ransomed for a-ges have trod, And no

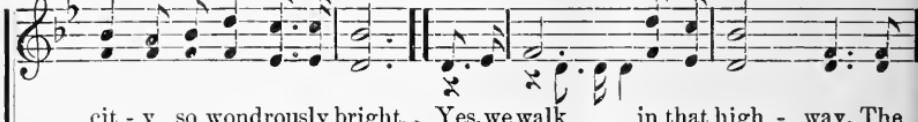
cit - y above; Where the light of his presence will gladness afford, And we'll



highway of God; With a shout and a song, as we jour-ney a-long, In the

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.



cit - y so wondrously bright. } Yes, we walk in that high - way, The
eyes that were blind shall behold. }
e - vil nor dan-ger is there. }

rest in the arms of his love.

Yes, we walk, yes, we walk,



beau - ti - ful highway of God.

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SEND IT NOW.

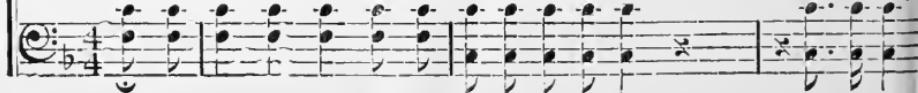
C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Send sal-va-tion, Lord, send thy full sal-va - tion, Lord, Send it now,
2. Send thy pardon, Lord, send thy gracious pardon, Lord, Send it now,
3. Send, O send the fire, send the all - re - fin-ing fire, Send it now,

Send it now.



Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour.

SEND IT NOW.—Concluded.

4 Send, O send the power, send the Pentecostal power,
Send it now, send it now;
Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host,
Send the power, O send it now, send the power, O send it now.

5 For he comes, he comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes,
Fills me now, fills me now;
Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb,
For he comes and fills me now, for he comes and fills me now.

72

HE ROLLED THE SEA AWAY.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When Is-rael out of bon-dage came, A sea be-fore them lay;
2. Be-fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sor-rows dark, like storm-y waves, Were dashing o'er my way;
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need-ed grace I'll pray;

The Lord reached down His mighty hand, And rolled the sea a-way.
My heart's de-sire the Sav-iour read, And rolled the sea a-way.
A-gain the Lord in mer-ey came, And rolled the sea a-way.
I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a-way.

CHORUS.

Then for-ward still, 'tis Je-ho-vah's will, Tho' the bil-lows dash and spray;

With a con-quering tread we will push a-head, He'll roll the sea a-way.

CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

H. G. NÄGELL.

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee;
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear.
 And hung'r-ing for the Bread of Life, O may our spir - its be!
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in-flame.

77 BLEST BE THE TIE. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love:
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares,
 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

78 A CHARGE TO KEEP. S. M.

1 A change to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil,
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!
 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

79 AND CAN I YET DELAY. S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?
 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more;
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror!
 3 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever Thine.
 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
 With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

80 EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong;
 Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
 And the deluded throng.
 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night.
 3 Mourn for the lost;—but call,
 Call to the strong, the free;
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And to the refuge flee.
 4 Mourn for the lost;—but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show His saving love.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
 2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter-nal truth at - tends Thy word;

Let the Re - deem-er's name be sung Thro' ev - ry land, by ev - ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
 To pay their homage at His feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

LORD, I AM THINE. L. M.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent Thine would I be,
 And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
 Be Thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past, beyond repeal.
 Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my all.

4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
 The great engagement to perform;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

2 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star:
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
 No: when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart resigned, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine;

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
 Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in!
 Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good - A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

87 O FOR A FAITH. C. M.

88 AM I A SOLDIER. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

89 FOREVER HERE MY REST. C. M.

90 THE DEAREST NAME. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Nan - , the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King:
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

91 COME THOU FOUNT.

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

92 WHAT A FRIEND.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.

93 COME, YE SINNERS.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

94 THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, now, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'r'er,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Laud me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

95 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day :
" Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Yeur courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

96 JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

97

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the days grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun,
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

98 HE LEADETH ME.

He leadeth me ! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words, with heavenly comfort
frought ;
What'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

99 ARISE, MY SOUL.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me ;
" Forgive Him, O forgive," they cry,
" Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear
He owns me for his child .
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And " Father, Abba, Father," cry.

100 AT THE CROSS.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

2D CHORUS.

Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

101 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of
kindness.

Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy
eve;

Waiting for the harvest, and the time
of reaping.

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves,

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves;

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves,

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows,

Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
chilling breeze;

By and by the harvest, and the labor
ended;

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

102 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
word!

What more can He say, than to you He
hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have
fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not
dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee
aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent
hand.

"When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
tress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy sup-
ply.
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only
design,
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine."

103

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

I love to tell the Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love!
I love to tell the Story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

105 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace.
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

106**MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.**

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart.
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

107 PRECIOUS PROMISE.

Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passers by,
On the way from earth to heaven.
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When the secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

108 JESUS, THINE ALL.

Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

O that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part
And sanctify the whole.

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